

# ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S mystery magazine

## CONTENTS

### NOVELETTE

MEMORY OF A MURDER *by Clark Howard* ..... 140

### SHORT STORIES

JACK B. DAGGETT'S LAMENT <i>by Frank Sisk</i> .....	2
KILLER IN TOWN <i>by Max Van Derveer</i> .....	21
THE WAITING ROOM <i>by Charles W. Runyon</i> .....	34
PARDON MY DEATH RAY <i>by Jack Ritchie</i> .....	42
A LITTLE TIME OFF <i>by Stephen Wasylyk</i> .....	46
THE SECRET SAVANT <i>by Edward D. Hoch</i> .....	58
SCREAM ALL THE WAY <i>by Michael Collins</i> .....	66
THIEF IN THE NIGHT <i>by Carroll Mayers</i> .....	81
GO AHEAD AND TALK <i>by Liane Keen</i> .....	88
THE ATTITUDE OF MURDER <i>by Nedra Tyre</i> .....	98
POOF! <i>by Syd Hoff</i> .....	113
HAND <i>by William Brittain</i> .....	119
DOING HIS HAMLET THING <i>by Lee Chisholm</i> .....	133

**ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE** Vol. 14, No. 10, October 1969. Single copies 50 cents.  
and Possessions; elsewhere \$7.00 (in U.S. funds) for one year. Published monthly by H. S. D. Publications, Inc.,  
2441 Beach Court, Riviera Beach, Fla. 33404. Publications office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. 03302.  
Second class postage paid at Concord, N. H. Copyright H. S. D. Publications, Inc., 1969. All rights reserved.  
Protection secured under the International and Pan-American copyright convention. Title registered U. S. Pat.  
Office. Reproduction or use without express permission of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is pro-  
hibited. Postage must accompany manuscripts if return is desired but no responsibility will be assumed for  
unsolicited material. Manuscripts and changes of addresses should be sent to Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Maga-  
zine, 2441 Beach Court, Riviera Beach, Fla. 33404. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons  
and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended  
and any similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

iate Editor  
on Director  
Art Director



ray is supposed to arrive here?" I asked.

AmBurrri searched through his pockets until he found the slip of paper again. "In terms of your time, at exactly ten minutes and ten seconds after eight p.m. tonight. That's Central Standard Time."

"How did you happen to choose the university as your landing site?" Laura asked.

"Our computers sniffed out this point on earth as having the highest index of intelligence."

Laura seemed surprised. "You'd think it might be Harvard or Yale."

"No," AmBurrri said. "They were far down our list." He looked about the laboratory. "The campus seemed almost deserted."

"It's a Saturday afternoon," Laura said. "Everybody's at the football game."

"You are students?" AmBurrri asked.

"No," Laura said. "Instructors."

AmBurrri nodded absently. "I wandered through all kinds of corridors and I thought everybody was gone until I heard your voices."

I was still irritated. "You should have knocked at the door first. Someday it might save you a black eye."

Laura turned the subject. "Nothing can stop the death ray?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid. At least no one in our galaxy has been able to

come up with anything so far . . ."

I smiled thinly. "And just what is Earth supposed to do now?"

"Well, I suppose you could all get into spaceships and evacuate the planet. For one second, at least."

"We haven't gotten up to the spaceship age yet," Laura said.

AmBurrri rubbed his chin. "I can see that you have a problem."

I walked around him—figuratively, at least. "You look pretty human to me."

He smiled comfortably. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do. Or, to put it another way, I came as an Equivalent."

"Equivalent?"

"Yes. Exactly equivalent to what I'd be if I should have been an Earthling."

AmBurrri appeared to be pushing sixty and was thin-boned and graying.

"What do you look like in your own galaxy?" Laura asked.

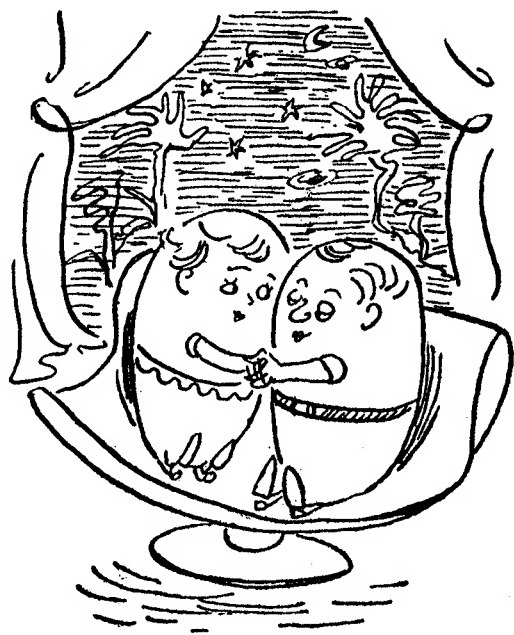
"Well, evolution is a pretty consistent process just about anywhere and gradually our craniums took over. While we still have arms and legs, they are diminished and physical ambulation is difficult. At rest, we rather resemble large eggs."

I looked out of a window. "Is there anything like a sex life?"

He pursed his lips thoughtfully. "You mean fralalee-odling? Well, being shaped like eggs . . . I mean

that while it's still possible, it's more of a . . ."

Laura smiled quickly. "You must be a dreadfully warlike people, what with this death ray and all."



"Good galaxies, no," AmBurrri said. "We are extremely peaceable. But we were faced with an embarrassing dilemma. You see, scientific progress is depressingly consecutive and one thing fatalistically follows another. However, there was a time-lag in the course of our technological know-how and it just so happened that we did not reach the death-ray stage of development until ninety-seven years after intergalactic peace had been irrevocably declared."

He appealed to us for sympathy. "You've got to understand our situation. You know how it is? A thing may look good on paper, but

there's always the nagging question, 'Will it *really* work?' And here we were with the death ray and we felt we simply had to try it at least once."

"And so you aimed it at Earth and pressed the button?" Laura asked.

"Oh, no," AmBurrri said. "Nothing like that at all. However, we did decide that the only safe place to try the death ray would have to be in space. So we orbited a capsule loaded with protozoa around one of our dead planets and exposed it to the death ray. The project was a complete success and now we plan to relegate the death ray apparatus to our museum. Without the batteries, of course."

He appeared embarrassed. "We thought the death ray would just go shooting harmlessly off into space and eventually disintegrate in this galaxy. Imagine our surprise and shock when one of us discovered that there is life—as we know it—on this planet Earth."

We were silent for a while and then I said, "AmBurrri, I'd like to speak to you alone for a moment."

When we were in the corridor, I said, "And now that we have your information, just what do you expect us to do with it?"

"Well . . . warn the people, I suppose."

"Why? Apparently there's no de-

fense ag-

He th  
while an  
guess y  
might be  
really did  
to happen

I watch  
way down  
exit.

When I  
I smiled.  
him."

She blin  
"Of co  
Professor

She sea  
er heard o

"Before  
retired n  
slips away  
fectly har  
up with  
ries."

That e  
a restaura

Toward  
wandering

Laura  
don't sup  
ligan reall

ging ques-  
ork?' And  
e death ray  
ad to try it

it at Earth  
n?" Laura

said. "Noth-  
owever, we  
y safe place  
uld have to  
ed a capsule  
around one  
I exposed it  
roject was a  
ow we plan  
y apparatus  
it the batter-

assed. "We  
would just  
ly off into  
integrate in  
our surprise  
f us discov-  
as we know  
"

t while and  
, I'd like to  
a moment."  
he corridor,  
at we have  
what do you

e people, I

ere's no de-

Y MAGAZINE

fense against the ray, is there?"

He thought about that for a while and then sadly nodded. "I guess you're right. Perhaps it might be more humane if they really didn't know what was going to happen tonight."

I watched AmBurrri make his way down the corridor toward the exit.

When I reentered the laboratory, I smiled. "You've got to humor him."

She blinked. "Humor him?"

"Of course," I said. "That was Professor Mulligan."

She searched her memory. "Never heard of him."

"Before your time," I said. "He's retired now, but occasionally he slips away from his guardian. Perfectly harmless, but he does come up with some of the wildest stories."

That evening, I took Laura to a restaurant.

Toward eight, I found my eyes wandering toward the wall clock.

Laura was thoughtful. "You don't suppose that Professor Mulligan really knows . . ."

"Of course not," I said firmly. Nevertheless, my eyes remained on the clock. At eight-ten, the second hand touched twelve and moved on. I found myself counting down: Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . *zero!*

Nothing happened.

At two a.m., I closed my eyes and concentrated on communications with my own galaxy of Zelarnias.

My area commander, Ompluilla, answered. "Nothing to it," he said. "As per your suggestion, we deflected the death ray with our K-M3 Unidee. Something Tragla Galaxy obviously hasn't gotten around to developing yet."

I thanked him again.

"Look," he said. "It seems to me that you should have been done with that research you're doing on the Earthlings long ago. What's keeping you there?"

I listened to Laura's deep-sleep breathing for a moment. "Oh, I don't know," I said. "I guess it's just all of that fralalee-odling."

